MANY BRITONS OF NOTE KILLED WHILE IN ACTION

Figured in Public Eye Long Before Beginning of the War. Brigadier-General and Many Colonels in List. Chaplain Had Notable Record for Bravery.

London, June 3.—Many officers of note are included in the recent lists of those who have been killed at the front, and the ever growing lists of casualties contain almost daily the names of men who had been in the public eye long before the outbreak of the present war.

Maj. H. W. Rhelwall, who is reported to have been killed in action was born in 1875 and after serving for five years in the ranks was given a commission in the West India Regiment. He saw active service in the South African war and in 1902 was attached to the West African frontier force. Last September he was appointed second in command of a battalion of the Sherwood Foresters, with which he was serving when he met his fate.

Another battery commander, Maj. H. H. S. Vaughan, is reported to have been killed in action on April 24 at the age of 38. He was the son of H. F. J. Vaughan, of Humphreston Hall, Shropshire, and heir of his father's estate, and obtained a commission from the Militia in the Royal Artillery, in 1900. Prior to the present war he had seen no active service, but he was employed in Migeria with the West African frontier force from 1906 to 1910. Then he went back to regimental duty and was serving in India when war broke out. He was sent with his battery to join the Indian expeditionary force in France in 1914 and took part in the battles around Ypres and at Loos.

Capt. R. E. Bullen, who has died of wounds, was the son of W. A. Bullen of Cape Town and was in his 24th year. He was reading for the bar when war broke out and at once joined the Special Reserve till he was given a commission in the Sixtieth Rifles in April last year. He was promoted temporary captain last October.

Four Brothers in Service.

Capt. E. B. Frazcett, Ninety-second Punjabis, who has been killed in action, belonged to a well known Bradford family, and he leaves three brothers in active service. He went through the South African war, and before this war broke out he was on the staff in India. He was wounded in January, but had been able to rejoin his regiment.

Lieut. E. J. Maxwell Stuart, Royal Engineers, who was killed in action a forthnight ago, was the third son of Edward Maxwell Stuart, of Batworth Park, near Arundel, who was the fourth son of the late Henry Constable Maxwell Stuart, of Traquair, brother of the tenth Lord Herries. Lieut. Maxwell Stuart's younger brother was killed about two months ago.

Lieut. H. F. Northcote, Indian Army, who has been killed in action in Mesopotamia, was the second son of Prebendary Northcote, chaplain to the King, and a grandson of the late Lord Iddesleigh and of the late Dean Farrar. He was for some years in the Indian Public Works Department and joined the army when the war broke out. He was wounded last winter.

Fleet Surgeon W. R. Center, who died as the result of injuries sustained when the Russell was sunk by a mine, had nearly completed twenty years of service, his first commission and appointment to Haslar being dated May 13, 1896. His appointments abroad included the Fox on the Cape Station in 1898; the Ramillies in the Mediterranean in 1901, and the Cambrian in Australian waters in 1905. Fleet Surgeon Center is the sixth officer of his rank thus far lost in the war, but the number of medical officers of all ranks killed in action is just five times that figure.

Lieutenant-Comander L. Freyberg, the senior executive officer lost in the sinking of the Russell, passed into the navy as a midshipman in February, 1902, and was promoted sub-lieutenant three years later. His early sea service was spent with the Mars and Vengeance in the Channel fleet and the Caesar and Duncan (both commanded by the present First Sea Lord) in the Mediterranean, and in August, 1906, he joined the Mercury for submarine service.

Gen. Greenfield Had Active Career.

Brig. Gen. R. M. Greenfield, who died last week at the age of 59, joined the Inniskillin Fusiliers in 1874 and was promoted lieutenant colonel to command a battalion of his regiment in 1897. He had seen active service in Burma in 1892-93, when he got a mention and a brevet lieutenant colonelcy, and with the Tirah expedition in 1897-98. He served subsequently on the staff at Indian army headquarters and commanded the Bombay Brigade. He retired in 1909, but offered his services when the war broke out. He was posted on the Irish command as brigadier general on the staff.

Lieut. Col. Henry Thomas Cantan, who was reported last week to have been killed in action, was the son of the late Henry Cantan, of Thornhill Place, Maidstone, and after leaving school enlisted in the army, in which he served nearly six years before being given a commission in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. He served as a captain throughout the South African war.

After repeatedly distinguishing himself at the front and being twice mentioned in dispatches, Lieut. Col. E. B. Luard has succumbed to wounds received on April 24. The son of the late Lieut. Gen. R. G. A. Luard, who fought in the Crimean war, Col. Luard received his first commission in the Shropshire Light Infantry in May, 1891, and was promoted lieutenant colonel last August to command a battalion of his regiment at the front. He had previously seen active service in South Africa, first as a regimental and afterward as a staff officer, when he held a signalling appointment. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Order in February last year.

Lieut. Col. J. G. Fairlie, who has been killed in action at the age of 38, was the son of Commander H. J. Fairlie, royal navy, of Fantaisie, Jersey, and was educated at Harrow. Before he was transferred to "another theater of war" he served with the Thirteenth Division in the Dardanelles campaign and took part in the fighting in Suvla Bay. He was promoted major in March, 1915, and temporary lieutenant colonel in August last on appointment as second in command of one of the new battalions of his regiment.

Indian Campaigner Lost.

The Indian army has lost Maj. O. H. Lawson, a regimental officer of considerable war experience, who was wounded on March 8 and died on the 17th. He was the son of the late W. N. Lawson, barrister at law, and was educated at Uppingham and Sandhurst, getting his commission in the Northumberland Fusiliers in 1890, and joining the Indian Staff Corps two years later. He served with the Twenty-sixth Punjabis in the advance on Dongola in 1896 and in the Tirah expedition of 1897-98, while he was base transport officer with the expedition which accompanied Sir Francis Younghusband to Tibet in 1904.

Maj. A. M. Caulfield, Berkshire Regiment, who had been returned as missing, is now reported to have been killed at Suvla Bay. He joined the Berkshire Regiment in 1878 and served with it in the Afghan war of 1879-80, being present at the action of Giriskh and at the battle of Maiwand, where he was wounded. He subsequently took part in the defense of Kandahar and was awarded the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. He transferred to the Border Regiment in 1881 and in the Burmese war of 1886-88 he acted as brigade transport officer to Maj. Gen. Sir Robert Low, getting a mention and the Distinguished Service Order in recognition of his services. After retiring in 1902 he came back to the colors at the outbreak of war and was appointed second in command of one of the new battalions of his old regiment, with which he was serving when he fell in action.

Two brothers, Maj. Arthur Forbes and Capt. Hunter Forbes, both of the Indian army, were killed in action last month within a few days of each other. The elder brother served in the ranks for nearly two years and was then given a commission in the West India Regiment in 1902, being transferred to the Indian army in 1903 and posted to the 128th Pioneers. While in the ranks he went through the South African war and came home with five clasps to his medals. Last October he was made a brevet-major. His brother, Capt. H. Forbes, who was only twenty-nine at the time of his death, joined the Indian army in 1906 and in 1913 was appointed adjutant of a Sikh regiment which has suffered heavily during the war.

Capt. John Gray, of the Indian army, who was killed on April 11 at the age of 33, was the son of the late A. E. Gray, of Aberdeen, and passed into Sandhurst in 1900, getting the Sword of Honor as the best cadet of his year before he passed out of the college. In 1902 he was gazetted to the Indian Staff Corps and was promoted captain in 1911. When war broke out he was serving at Tientsin and from there went to join the British force which with the Japanese forces undertook the siege of Kiao Chow. He was subsequently stationed at Peshawar, and while there came in for some frontier fighting before he went to join one of the Indian expedtionary forces.

The news of the death in action of Col. Fairlie, Lancashire Regiment, has been received with deep regret in Ayrshire. He belonged to a family long settled in the county, and his grandfather commanded the Ayrshire Yeomanry and married a daughter of Macleod of Macleod, chief of the well-known Invernesshire clan.

The chaplains department has lost a very brave man by the death of the Rev. H. B. St. John de Vine, who was killed on April 27 at the age of 32. The son of the Rev. W. T. de Vine, vicar of Tipton, he was educated in the high school, Birmingham, and then went up to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1913. When the war broke out he was serving as a curate at Birmingham Cathedral and at once joined the chaplains department, going to the front with the West Riding Regiment, and being subsequently transferred to a Scottish battalion. A cheery companion, always to be found in the thick of the fight, he was an immense favorite with all ranks, and his loss will be keenly felt. "There is no man," wrote a brother officer, "I would sooner have beside me when hell is let loose than De Vine."

LOST COMMA CAUSES ARREST.

New Order in Council May Have to Be Drawn Up.

London, June 3.—The absence of a comma in a recent order in council prohibiting the purchase of platinum has had curious consequences, although not so serious, perhaps, as the absence some years ago of a comma from a United States enactment prohibiting the expost of dried friuts—an omission which involved that government in the loss of thousands of dollars.

Platinum, of course, is a war material, and at Glasgow recently a watchmaker was fined £1 ($5) for buying seven pennyweights of it. In imposing the fine the sheriff said the order as published in the London Gazette was ambiguous. A single comma might have saved all the trouble.

It was stated by the crown prosecutor that as a result of the case a new order might be framed.

IMAGE A PEACE BAROMETER.

French Expect Figure's Fall to Mark End of War.

London, June 3.—High overhead above the ruined and desolate streets of Albert, in France, the great gilded figure of the Virgin with the infant Christ still hangs from the tower of the Church of Notre Dame de Brebieres. For more than a year she has now hung thus, at an angle of some fifteen degrees below the horizontal, face downward to the street below, holding the infant out above her head.

In local French belief the day when the holy figures fall will see the end of the war. The German shell which throws down the Blessed Virgin of Brebieres will shatter the throne of the Hohenzollerns, it is maintained.

During the last week or two the immediate region of Albert has been one of the most active on the whole front. From the neighborhood of Fricourt, by La Boisselle, to Authville and beyond there have been almost nightly raids and blowing up of mines.

DESCRIBES LIFE ON GERMAN SUBMARINE

Norwegian Ship Captain Tells of Four Days in U-Boat as Prisoner. Were Well Treated.

Special to The Washington Herald.

London, June 3.—Life in a German submarine is described by Capt. Norberg of the Norwegian bark Lindfield, which was sent to the bottom by the Germans in the latter part of March. Capt. Norberg and his crew were taken aboard the submarine after their ship had been destroyed.

The Lindfield, a four-masted bark of 2,276 tons, has been 128 days at sea when on Friday, March 24, about eighty miles southwest of Fastnet, a submarine was sighted on the surface. The submarine approached and fired two shots, of which one hit the bark's bowsprit.

At the same time the German naval flag was run up and Capt. Norberg was ordered by signal to send his ship's documents to the submarine. A lifeboat was swung out and the mate and four men rowed over with the documents, while the rest of the crew gathered their belongings. When the mate left the submarine she hoisted a signal ordering the Norwegians to abandon their ship as quickly as possible. Captain and crew then took to the boats and the submarine fired four shots into the bark, which sank in forty minutes.

The submarine commander had promised to tow the boats as far as he dared toward the west coast of Ireland, and this was done. It was a rough journey, with the waves breaking over the boats, and after three hours the painter broke. The submarine commander then ordered the Lindfield's crew on board his vessel, but they had to leave their belongings behind them. The boats were again taken in tow, but after a few hours, with increasing wind and sea, they were lost.

Speed of Twenty-five Knots.

It was about 5 p. m. when the Lindfield's crew of twenty-four were taken on board the submarine. Capt. Norberg remained in the conning tower for an hour chatting with the commander and the pilot. The submarine, which was marked U-70, was an excellent sea boat, 220 feet in length, with a crew of thirty-seven, including the commander, two lieutenants and a war pilot. The captain of the Lindfield was allowed to go wherever he liked on board. He was told that on the surface the submarine could attain a speed of 25 knots, but that was so-called emergency speed. Below the surface the maximum speed was 15 knots. The submarine was probably built in 1914, as the motors had that date stamped on them.

There were two guns on deck and a supply of 600 shells was carried. There were two torpedo tubes, on forward and one aft, and the vessel could carry ten torpedoes. When the Lindfield's crew came on board there were nine torpedoes. One had been used the day before in torpedoing a steamer. Capt. Norberg was told that the submarine could remain away from her base for thirty to forty days. It was then a week since she had left Germany, probably Bremen.

On the surface there were four watches—four hours on duty with eight hours off; but when the boat was submerged all the crew had to be on duty. The officers' cabin, where Capt. Norberg was lodged, was comfortably provided with three berths. The vessel was of course lighted and heated by electricity, which also was used for cooking. The Lindfield's crew, including two British seamen, who were treated exactly as the others, were lodged in the torpedo chamber.

The prisoners got the same food as the submarine crew. Breakfast consisted of coffee, black bread, butter, sugar, condensed milk and sausages. A similar meal was served at 4 o'clock and again at 6:30 p. m., except in the latter case there was tea instead of coffee, and sardines in addition. Luncheon on Saturday consisted of mutton stew. On Sunday there was fresh meat and potatoes, with preserved plums as dessert. On Monday the midday meal was of rice and sausages.

Submerges in Fifty Seconds.

The submarine remained on the surface until Saturday afternoon, when a British destroyer was observed. The weather was somewhat misty. The signal to go down was immediately given and in fifty seconds the submarine submerged to about ten fathoms. A litle later she rose to eight fathoms and kept at that depth for three-quarters of an hour, when she went down again to ten fathoms on account of the weather conditions, which the commander did not like. There she remained for three hours. Then she rose and traveled on the surface all through the night and all day on Sunday. At 7:35 p. m. on Sunday another British destroyer was observed and she went down again and remained some time.

During the night she rose again and remained on the surface until 3:30 on Monday morning, when she went down again to eight fathoms on account of fog and remained down until 8 o'clock. As the weather was still foggy when she rose she at once sank again and traveled slowly at a depth of six fathoms for a couple of hours. For the rest of that day and until the following morning she stayed on the surface.

During this time the weather was clear with a southeasterly breeze. At 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning the submarine dived for an hour, and Capt. Norberg understood that she was exchanging signals with some other ship. An hour and a half later she came alongside the Norwegian bark Silas, and the prisoners were transferred to this ship with the exception of one man, who had passed at the Norwegian consulate as a Norwegian, but was probably a German. The two British seamen were transferred to the Silas with the others.

Even after the submarine had remained below the surface for five hours the air was very good, and there was no difficulty in breathing and no feeling of oppression.

Moving Floor for Cafe.

"In one of the Broadway cafes at New York a merry-go-round dining and dancing space has lately been introduced," says the April Popular Mechanics Magazine. "This consists of a revolving, circular floor, the outer edge of which is margined with a row of tables, while the middle part is reserved for fox-trotters. As is obvious, the floor is built on a turntable. It is thirty-two feet in diameter, and in the center is inlaid with a round piece of plate glass, six feet across, through which different luminous color effects are projected by means of concealed incandescent lamps. The floor surrounding this is stenciled to resemble marble mosaic. The turntable is driven by a one-quarter horsepower motor at a normal rate of one revolution an hour. Thus thirty minutes after guests have seated themselves at one of the merry-go-round tables they may be talking with friends around another table at the opposite side of the room. The movement of the floor is slow enough that an unobserving first-nighter might readily be confused upon realizing suddenly that both he and his table were some fifteen or twenty feet from the place they apparently should be."

STATESMEN—REAL AND NEAR.

CLOSE-UP VIEWS OF FOLK WORTH KNOWING

By FRED C. KELLY.

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Secretary of State Lansing tells of once overhearing this conversation between a man and his wife who were spending their vacation at a summer hotel. The wife wanted her husband to join her on some kind of afternoon excursion in which he was not interested.

"I'm afraid I can't go," he said. "I won't have time."

"Time?" echoed the wife. "You haven't a thing in the world to do."

"Haven't, eh?" came back the husband. "Well, I know one thing; I've got a whole lot of sitting to do."

Vice President Marshall while automobiling in Maryland, near Washington, some time ago, stopped to watch a game of baseball between two teams of colored men. He would rather watch a game of that sort than a world's championship series.

One bunch of players, in this instance, were rather light in color, and the others were uncompromisingly dark. The umpire was a little short chap neither light nor dark. Along in the seventh inning there was a close decision at first base. The darker team declared that their man was safe and the lighter bunch were equally emphatic in expressing their belief that the runner was out. All surrounded the umpire and gesticulated excitedly, while awaiting for him to announce his decision. He was extremely deliberate about doing so. It was an extremely embarrassing position for an umpire.

For a moment the umpire looked at the hooting crowd gathered about first base, and then he walked over to second base and picked up the base, which happened to be a brick. With this in his hand he walked back to first base and said to the base runner:

"Yo' ah out!"

He waited a moment with his brick held firmly in his right hand, for possible hostilities, but though there was much vain muttering, no actual physical violence was attempted. So he went and replaced second base and the game proceeded.

"That," says Marshall, "is what I call a fine example of the advantages of preparedness."

Claude Kitchin, Democratic leader of the House, sat in a Pullman smoking compartment about to light a cigar. All he needed was a match. But he had none. He turned to another man in the compartment, a subdued-looking little chap, and asked if he would lend him a match. For some reason, by the way, a man asking for a match always treats it as a loan, as if he intended to keep track of the debt and pay it back on the first day of the month. At any rate, as we were saying, Claude asked for a match and the man gave it to him. Then Claude, noting the man was not smoking, magnanimously offered him a cigar. In fact he held five cigars toward him for his to take his choice. The stranger took them all! Claude was game and made no protest. In a moment the stranger got to thinking that maybe he had overdone things. So, by way of squaring himself, he said:

"Here, won't you have another match?"

Representative Arthur W. Overmyer, of Ohio, probably owes his job in Congress to his little son. At a time when the congressional campaign was warming up, this little boy's school teacher chanced to ask the class how many had ever been to the city of Washington.

Young Overmyer raised his hand and asked permission to state:

"I've never been there but our entire family expects to go there before long."

The remark got around town and a great many voters who had been undecided really had not the heart to disappoint this youngster who was so sanguine about the result of the election. Overmyer won by only seventy-three votes. A great many more than that number have declared to him that they made up their minds to vote for him solely on account of his little boy's remark in the schoolroom.

Senator Norris, of Nebraska, has three or four pieces of birdshot permanently tucked away under the skin at the outskirts of one eye. These comprise a souvenir of a day when Norris and another boy went hunting and the only thing the other boy succeeded in hitting was Norris.

Senator Martine, of New Jersey, derives much of his joy of life from escorting visitors about the Capitol and pointing out objects of interest. If there are no visitors from New Jersey, he helps out some other Senator who has an unusually big spring drive of callers. Martine is known about the Capitol as the special extra guide.

Senator Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, is an inveterate practical joker. This is considered one of his best: There was an Indiana politician whose greatest pride in life was the possession of a handsome gold watch that had been presented to him in appreciation of his work for the Democratic party. Taggart met this man one day in a hotel lobby.

"I want to borrow your watch a minute to show to a friend over here," said Taggart. "I've just been telling him about the great work you accomplished for the party. Come over and tell him about the watch yourself."

Proudly the man handed over the watch, whereupon Taggart substituted in his palm another watch of similar appearance. He let this watch fall to the floor. The fall broke it all to pieces. Small cogs and odds and ends of mechanism lay in all directions.

"Here, boy," said Taggart, beckoning, with great unconcern to a bellboy, "sweep this stuff up." He did not offer to apologize, but acted as if the accident was of no consequence.

That was the last straw. The man who thought his watch had been ruined—the watch that was the pride of his life—was in a frenzy.

"I wouldn't have taken $5,000 for that watch!" he fairly screamed. "And you call a boy to sweep it up as if it was worth no more than a cigar stub."

"Oh, well, no use crying over spilt milk," soothed Taggart, with the air of one about to dismiss a trivial incident. "It couldn't be helped."

"Why, you're the awkwardest man I ever saw!" declared the enraged watch owner. "I tell you I wouldn't have taken $5,000 for that watch. And now you've busted it to smithereens."

"Oh, well," suggested Taggart, gayly, "you can get a cheap watch that will keep just as good time. A friend of mine had one of these dollar Ingersolls and—"

The mention of a dollar watch in such connection was too much. The joke victim turned and started to walk away in a rage, muttering curses.

"If you like your old watch so much as all that," yelled Taggart, "here it is—as good as ever." And he took the man's perfectly unharmed watch from his pocket.

On another occasion, at a big political banquet, Taggart went up to a famous Indiana character as if to arrange his necktie for him and took his diamond scarf pin. Later in the evening, he made a brief speech lauding the character and public achievements of his victim, and ended up by presenting the man with a costly diamond pin in a little plush box, as a slight testimonial of the high esteem in which he was held by one and all. The costly pin was the same one that Taggart had previously picked from the victim's tie.

And that recalls still another Taggart joke. At the last Democratic national convention, Taggart went about among

his friends in a hotel lobby surreptitiously taking their watches and diamond pins until he had fifteen or twenty of each. Then he began to redistribute them.

He would go up to a man, ask him what time of day it chanced to be, and then amuse himself by noting the man's discomfiture when he found his watch missing.

But here was the real joke of the thing:

After he had handed back all the watches and jewelry so far as his memory would permit, he still had an extra watch in his pocket. For the life of him he could not recall whose it was. It required two days of careful inquiry before Taggart could get that watch and its owner restored to one another.

Mahlon M. Garland, is a new congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania—but that is the very least of his claims upon our attention. The thing about Garland is this: He is the first man in history, so far as one can recall offhand, to start an active campaign for the office of Vice President of the United States. The comic weeklies have cracked many a joke based upon the supposed difficulty of finding a man who regards the Vice Presidency as personally desirable. Mahlon Garland does not look at it in that light. He thinks the job of Vice President is one worthy of the best timber the land affords. For that reason he himself is willing to accept the place. In his campaign circulars, which have been extensively mailed about, one finds this neat little tribute:

"Hon. Mahlon M. Garland is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Vice President of the United States for the reason that his personal friends in every State in the Union regard him as the ideal man for that distinguished office at this time."

Mahlon's circular also goes on to say:

"His wise leadership, his excellent judgment and party loyalty are traits which have distinguished his long and useful public career."

HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Monday, June 5, 1916.

(Copyright, 1916.)

Astrologers read this as an unimportant day in planetary direction. Early in the morning Mercury is in benefic aspect, but later Neptune is threatening.

This should be a favorable day for newspapers and publicity. Advertising should prosper in the next few weeks.

Contracts should be entered into with much care while this configuration lasts, as they are likely to be uncertain.

Writers may meet with disappointments today, as Neptune tends to encourage sudden vagaries on the part of editors and publishers.

This is not a lucky day for journeys. Travel on the water is especially unfortunate.

July is likely to be a month of stress for the King of Norway.

Death in one of the royal families is prognosticated. This will cause sorrow in England, the seers predict.

Canada continues under a sway that promises a period of commercial prosperity that will affect all parts of the country. Tourists will be numerous during the summer.

Weddings between American girls and foreigners are foretold. If the planets are read aright many soldiers invalided after war service will come to the United States within the year.

The wreck of a steamer in the Pacific ocean is predicted. This will cause some sort of anxiety, which will not develop into anything serious, it is foretold.

Personal danger to the President of France is prognosticated.

New ideals for women's organizations are prophesied. Industrial conditions will interest many and large enterprises for the general good of humanity are foretold.

The stars give little encouragement to old ambitions and much to new. This is held to indicate political disappointment.

Persons whose birthdate it is should avoid extravagance during the year. Financial affairs may be perplexing.

Children born on this day are likely to be very clever. Success in life will depend on the hour of birth.

Candy Making Hints.

When a syrup has boiled long enough to spin a fine thread when dropped from spoon or fork, it has reached the "hairing" or "threading" stage, and after that should not be stirred, or it is apt to granulate, says an expert candy maker in Farm and Home.

Should fondant stick to the hands, dip fingers in alcohol.

After a boiled syrup is beaten, it should look like lard—otherwise it has not been allowed to cool sufficiently before beating was begun.

Use fresh ice cold water for each trial of candy.

Butter should not be added to candy until it is almost done.

Flavors are more delicate when not boiled in candy, but added afterward.